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A brand New Song,

ENTITLED

THE IRISHMAN'S ADDRESS

TO THE

Twenty-Six Nottingham Worthies,

WHO SIGNED THE LAST PETITION TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

COMPOSED BY ME,

The Bard.

YE wise Men of Gotham, and Sons of Renown,
Who send up Petitions from Robin Hood's Town,—
Accept, my dear Gents, of poor Paddy's embrace,
Who wishes for War, and yet prays for a Peace.

No Men are more loyal than me and my Wife,
For love of King George we are always at strife;
The Church, and the State, and the Laws we maintain,
And fight for Old England, new France, and Tom Paine!

Believe me, sweet Honies, we must be undone,
And all at a stand---if Dumourier should run;
We then cannot welcome him into the Nation,
Nor Britons be blest with a French Reformation.
But do not despair, or give way to alarms;
Whilst Frenchmen have legs, they'll defy British arms;
They'll wink at the Stadtholder's great preparations,
And if you'll make Peace, they will---fight with all Nations.

I'm proud to behold, thirteen Knights of the Legs &—
Have wove this Petition as fine as three threads;
And got a Town Clerk, and a good Mister Mayor,
And meeting-house Parson---to join in the prayer! — Dr. Clayton - High Pav. meeting
A Limb of the Law, too, I see in the train,
Which must be quite proper, since he can explain;
And through his short Spy glafs discover your foes,
Describing their errors as plain as his nose.
And since we want spirits to fight for the King,
I thank you for bringing a Dealer in Gin;
A swig from his bottle, if I'm not mistaken,
Will make you forget---the plump oaths you have taken.

Should Custine pop over, with Fifes, and with Drums,
To British roast beef, he'll want pudding and plumbs;
You therefore have brought (which I think very pat)
A Grocer, that will not put hand to his hat.
Grave Quakers, Saints bless them, can never delight
In waging foul War, if they gain nothing by't;
But if in the struggle they think they are made,
They'll pay folks for fighting, and call it a---TRADE.

You know, Gallic Heroes are poor ragged Creatures,
So you have enlisted a leash of wise Drapers,
To screen from foul weather, French haunches and flitches,
And close up the peep holes in---Jacobins' Breeches!
Much wit in your noddles, we see close impounded,
For fearing (when landed) the French might get wounded,---
A Surgeon and Druggist come loaded with plasters,
To heal up their sores, and to comfort disasters.

And since French Philosophers must cut a dash,
When they become masters of notes and hard cash,---
A Banker, of course, is a good useful man;
You therefore have wisely brought one in the van.

Nor have you, dear Cousins, one item left out,
Well knowing the scheme you are all set about;
Much impudence wanted, to bring things to pass,
A Brazier comes loaded, to ease you with bras!

Thus brazed Johnny Bull, with his horns cannot tols us,
We'll stand on our feet like the fallen Colossus.

Should Poets combine to afflict and distress ye,
I'll pray to the Gods, that Old Harry may bless ye;
A world of paternal affection discover,
And prove to you all a kind FATHER AND MOTHER.

+ Roger Hunt
John Hancock
Tho: Smith. - Hockley D.S.
Saml. Statham
Robt. Dunsion
Wm. Dawson
Tho: Watson
Tho: Dawson
John Bellows
John Thompson
Tr: Wakefield
B. Aldis
Wm. Howitt

George Coldham. Towncl.
Joseph Oldknow. Mayor
Francis Evans - Atty.

Stokham Huthwaite

Francis Hart -

Tho: Oldknow }
Jo: Lowe } Drapers
Wm. Huthwaite }

Chas. Pimington - Surg.
Thomas Haskinsley - Drugg.

John Wright -

Henry Hollins.